to stay among us and be surrendered may excite commiseration; but remember, and this is a very important consideration, familiarity with such scenes begets indifference; the tone of public sentiment is lowered; soon cases pass as matters of course, and the community, burnt over with previous excitement, is doubly steeled against all active sympathy with the sufferers. What was usurpation yesterday is precedent to-morrow. When we asked the Supreme Court of Mass. to interfere in Sims' behalf, on the ground that the law of 1850 was unconstitutional, they declined, because the law was much the same as that of 1793, and that was constitutional, because so HELD and SUBMITTED TO. Surely, tyranny should have no such second acquiescence to plead. Yet that feeling, so alert, so indignant at the outset, already droops and grows cold.—Government stands ever a united, powerful and organized body, always in session, its temptations creeping over the dulled senses, the wearied zeal, or the hour of want. The sympathies of a people for the down-trodden and the weak are scattered, evanescent, now excited, now asleep. The assembly which is red-hot to-day, has vanished to-morrow. The indignation that lowers around a Court-House in chains is scattered in a month. The guerrilla troops of reform are now here, and now crumbled away.—On the other hand, permanently planted, with a boundless patronage, which sways every thing, stands Government, with hands ever open, and eyes that never close, biding cunningly its time; always concentrated; and, of course, too often able to work its will, for a time, against any amount of popular indignation and sympathy.

Do not misunderstand me. I know the Anti-Slavery Cause will triumph. The mightiest intellects—the Websters and the Calhouns of the Whig and Democratic parties—they have no more effect upon the great mass of the public mind, in the long run, than the fly's weight had on the chariot wheel where he lighted. But that is a long battle. I am speaking now of death or life, to be dealt out in a moment. I am dealing with a family about to be separated, standing, as many of you have been called again and again to do, by the hearth, or at the table, where that family circle were never to assemble again; broken and scattered to the four winds; the wife in agony, her husband torn from her side, her children gathering around, vainly asking, 'Where are we to go, mother?' Open those doors? How many of them might you open in these Northern States within the last two years! How many of these utterly indescribable scenes might you have witnessed within that brief period! This law has executed itself.—Twenty-six have been sent back from Pennsylvania; only one from Boston; only a dozen, perhaps, from New York. Yes; but in the mean time, the dread that they might be seized has broken up hundreds of happy families. It has been executed; and when I remember that Northern traitor who made its enactment possible, I sometimes think that the vainest man who ever lived never dreamed in the hour of his fondest self-conceit, that he had done the human race as much good as Daniel Webster has wrought it sorrow and despair (great applause). I do not think you fully appreciate the state of dread in which the colored population have lived for months.

Mark, too, the infamous characteristics of these cases! It is not their frequency, after all, that should cause the most apprehension, but the objectional incidents and very dangerous precedents they establish. It is not that the Slave Law is law. That is not half the enormity of the fact. It is, that not only is the Slave statute held to be law, but that there is really no law beside it in the free States—to execute it, all other laws are set aside and disregarded. The commonest and best settled principles have been trodden under foot. Almost all these persons have been arrested by a lie. Sims was—Long was—Preston was. In the case at Buffalo, the man was arrested by a blood thirsty attack—knocked down in the streets. The atrocious haste—the brutal haste of Judge Kane, in the case of Hannah Kellam, language fails in describing, indignation stands dumb before the cold and brutal wickedness. Many of these cases have been a perversion, not only of all justice, but of all law. Take a single and slight instance.—The merciful and safe rule has always been, that an officer, arresting any one wrongfully, shall not be permitted to avail himself of his illegal act, for the service of a true warrant while he has the man in custody. This would be not only a sanction, but an encouragement of illegal detention. But, in several of these cases, the man has been seized on some false pretence, and then the authorities allowed those having him in custody to waive the prosecution of the pretended claim, and serve upon him the real warrant. The same disgraceful proceeding was allowed in the Latimer case in this city, his master arresting him as a thief and afterwards dismissing that process, and claiming him as a slave. This dangerous precedent has been followed in many of these late cases. The spirit of the rule, and in some cases its letter, would have set the prisoner free, and held void all the proceedings.

Amid this entire overthrow of legal safeguards—this utter recklessness of all the checks which the experience of ages has invented for the control of the powerful and the protection of the weak, it is idle to dream of any colored persons being safe. They stand alone, exposed to the whole pelting of this pitiless storm. I wish there existed here any feeling on this subject adequate to the crisis. Is there such? Do you point me to the past triumphs of the Anti-Slavery sentiment of Massachusetts? The list is so short we know it by heart. Yes, there has been enough of feeling and effort to send Charles Sumner to the Senate. Let us still believe that the event will justify us in trusting him, spite of his silence there for four long months, silence when so many ears have been waiting for the promised words. There is an Anti-Slavery sentiment here of a certain kind. Test it, and let us see what it is worth. There is Anti-Slavery sentiment enough to crowd our Legislature with Free Soilers. True. Let us wait for some fruit, correspondent to their pledges, before we rejoice too loudly. Heaven grants us the sight of some before we be forced to borrow from our fathers a name for these legislative committees of Free Soilers. In 1765, there were certain Parliamentary Committees, to whom were referred the petitions of the Colonists, and many good plans of relief, and that was the last heard of either petition or plan. Our fathers called them 'Committees of Oblivion.' I hope we may never need that title again; and wherever we find the untarnished name of SEWALL, we need have no apprehension.

Yes, there is Anti-Slavery sentiment sufficient to put many persons on their good behavior—sufficient to bring Orville Dewey to his knees, and make him attempt to lie himself out of a late delicate embarassment (great applause). That, to be sure, is the only way for a true-hearted American to apologize! Some men blame us for the personality of our attacks—for the bad taste of actually naming a sinner on such a platform as this. Never doubt its benefits again.—Did not the Rev. Dr. 'go to and flo in the earth, and walk up and down in it,' offering to return his own mother into Slavery for our dear Union; and was he not rewarded by our National Government by a Chaplaincy in the Navy—as most men thought to secure him a trip to the Mediterranean to repose his weary virtue? Where could public rumor more appropriately send him than to that very spot on the Naples coast, where his great and only exemplar, Nero, devoted his mother to a kinder fate than this Christian imitator designed for 'a venerable relative'! Could he have passed his life at Bauli, the genius of the place would have protected her so deserving son, and all had been well. But here a certain 'rub-a-dub agitation' had done so much mischief, that even the Unitarian denomination could not uphold its eminent leader till he had explained that he did not mean his 'venerable relative,' he only meant his son! How clear the lesson to that son not to treat others as they treat him—since then he might be led to do what even his father deems inhuman, namely, return his 'venerable relative' into Slavery to save a Union! Does Dr. Dewey indeed think it 'extravagant and ridiculous to consent' to return one's mother to Slavery?—On what principle, then, it has been well asked, does he demand that every colored son submit patiently to have it done? Does his Bible read that God did not make of one blood all nations?

Yes, we have Anti-Slavery feeling and character enough to humble a Dewey; we want more—we want enough to save a Sims—to give a safe shelter to Ellen Crafts.—'Hide the outcast; bewray not him who wandereth,' is the simplest lesson of common humanity. The Commonwealth, which, planted by exiles, proclaimed by statute in 1841, her welcome to 'any stranger who might fly to her from the tyranny or oppression of her persecutors'—the State which now seeks 'PEACE IN LIBERTY,' should not content herself with this; her rebuke of the tyrant, her voice of welcome to the oppressed, should be uttered so loud as to be heard throughout the South. It should not be necessary to hide the outcast. It ought not to be counted merit now that one does not lift hand against him. Oh, no! fidelity to ancient fame, to present honour, to duty, to God, demands that the fugitive from the oppressions of other lands should be able to go up and down our highway, in peace—tell his true name—meet his old oppressor face to face, and feel that a whole Commonwealth stands between him and all chance of harm.

'God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!' How coldly, often, does the old prayer fall from careless lips! How sure to reach the ear of Him who heareth the sighing of the prisoner, when it shall rise, in ecstacy of gratitude, from the slave hut of the Carolinas, or from the bursting heart of the fugitive, who, after deadly peril, rests at last beneath the shadow of her protection!

From the True Democrat.

A Question.

The question, why the most liberal of Southern men, in the past, are now the most illiberal, is worthy the serious attention of the North.

We are so much in a hurry, and the present so absorbs our thoughts, that many of us may not know the fact. Perhaps some may dispute it. Yet all those familiar with the fact cannot fail to remember the "extreme" toleration of Clingman, when he voted for the right of petition, and up to 1848, the readiness of Humphery Marshall to lead in the cause of emancipation in Kentucky during that period, if the people would only demand it, and the comparative boldness of Toombs and Stephens of Georgia, in 1845, both in private and public, when discussing *the* issue of that and this day. The record tells all this. We take from that, the following extract from a speech made by Stephens, (by all odds the ablest of the "extremists,") at Athens, Ga., in 1845, advocating the annexation of Texas:—

"This acquisition will give additional power to the Southwestern section in the National Councils, and for this purpose I want it.—*Not that I am desirous to see an extension of the area of Slavery*, as some gentlemen have said its effect would be. *I am no defender of Slavery in the abstract. Liberty always had charms for me*, and I would rejoice to see all of Adam's family, in every land and clime, in the enjoyment of those rights which are set forth in the Declaration of Independence as natural and inalienable, if a stern necessity, bearing the mark and impress of the Creator Himself, did not, in some cases, interpose and prevent. Such is the case with the States where Slavery now exists. *But I have no wish to see it extended to other countries; and if the annexation of Texas was for the sole purpose of extending Slavery where it does not now and would not otherwise exist, I would oppose it.*"

As he felt and spoke the other Southern liberals—not here or there—not in private talk or in the caucus room—but in Congress, on the "stump", and everywhere, when the occasion would justify it. The fact, as we state it, then, cannot be considered a moot-point.* Now comes up the question, why have they veered completely round! Why are they changed from liberal Southern, to illiberal and extreme pro-slavery men?

The intelligent reader will hardly doubt the fact, taken for granted in these queries. To make sure work of it, however, let us be specific. These men already named—including Gentry, and all of that class, take now the harshest and narrowest pro-slavery ground. They say, the North must pledge itself to the business of slave-catching! On this "idea", they would organize parties, and marshall their forces. Here they rest, and declare they will offer no candidate, and support no candidate, for any office. National or State, will not occupy this position. Speaking for this class, Mr. Stephens, in his ultra speech, made in the House of Representative, at Washington, on the 27th of April, and in answer to the question asked by himself, "What is the prominent question of the day?" says:—

"The great, leading, controlling, prominent question which is likely to enter into the contest, is, the right, the constitutional right, of one section of this country to reclaim their slaves."

All other grave matters—River and Harbor Improvements—the industry of the country—the disposal of the public lands—whether this Union shall help Despotism or cheer on the champions of Liberty, and what not of national value in morals or money, are to be set aside, till Congress shall settle the issue, whether slave-catching is the proper business of the North? This is the platform of the former liberals of the South, and that it is so, on the record, no one can safely dispute.

Having thus stated the facts, we come to the question asked. *Why is this so?*

One class suppose, that the liberality of these Southern men, had hurt their prospects politically, in the South, and that, therefore, they have changed. Not so. For on this question, they know, by instinct, where they are, and what they are to gain or suffer by any action for or against slavery. Thus in 1845, Mr. Stephen's speech met with great applause in Georgia, and the body of the people of that State were to second and support his views. He know that before he made it.

Besides, even now, many of the real perpetualists doubt these liberals, as Senator William Smith of South Carolina, for long years doubted Mr. Calhoun, in regard to his fidelity to the interests of Slavery. Their argument is this. There are many ways of killing a system. If it be badly worked or badly defended, the result is the same; it must fall; and when ground is taken by its advocates which neither the constitution will bear, nor the People of the North tolerate, nor reason or common sense justify, the effect will be, of course, not only to weaken but to destroy it. So that the idea, that these liberals have changed *because* they feared a home influence, in itself, has, really, no foundation in fact.

No, the cause of this change of opinion and position of Southern liberals, arises, in our belief, wholly from the fact, *that the North has failed to do its duty.* We say failed. That is not the right word. For the heaviest blows dealt against them have been dealt by the Free States. And these blows have been given, not once or twice, but steadily since 1845. Since that year, the Free States have grown fainter and fainter in their opposition to slavery; they have strengthened it at Washington; and we have damning proof of these averments, in this fact, that the richest offices in the gift of the Federal Executive, have been given to betrayers of Freedom, like *Duer*, from the North, and hugest defenders of Slavery, like Sharkey, from the South. We do not speak too strongly when we say that these leaders, on both sides, have been lavishly rewarded. Now these Southern Liberals, being politicians, and, though well disposed, not ready to become martyrs, seeing the "cowards" of the North rewarded, and the "Ultras" of the South upheld, by all the strength of the National Government, and by both parties in the North have said and do say, virtually—"we can do nothing now; the North will not let us; if they should let us alone, we might get along; but, not content with that, they strengthen "the few" of the Slave States, and purposely weaken us; we will balk both; and go with the ultras for slavery, and for the South." And they have done it; unwisely, in a coward spirit, and for a bad end; yet from a cause which sways large classes in every society!

Let the North, then, look to itself. The ruptures caused by these changed liberals are of its creation. It reaps only of the seed it has sown.

*Hon. Humphrey Marshall, a few years since, endeavored to organize an Emancipation party, independent in its action of both of the old parties. Finding that his scheme would not take and determined to be a leader in some movement that will keep him prominently before the people, he now takes a tack in an entirely opposite direction, and is endeavoring to organize a Southern Union party. It needs no prophet to predict the result.—*Louisville (Ky.) Courier.*

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Death of Isaac T. Hopper.

On Friday last, in the 81st year of his age, ISAAC T. HOPPER closed his earthly pilgrimage, which had been one long mission of energetic benevolence. When he was a lad, eleven or twelve years old, he happened to see an old coloured man sitting on the fence, watching him with a very dejected countenence. He went up to him, and inquired why he seemed so sad. "Ah," said the old man, "I was thinking of the time when I was a boy, like you, before the white men came and carried me off into Slavery, see how my hands were torn by clinging to bushes, brambles, and rocks, as they dragged me along!" He held out his hard hands, which still showed the scars left by deep wounds in that desperate struggle.—As he walked thoughtfully away, he made an inward vow that, from that time, through his whole life, he would be the friend of Africans; and faithfully he kept this juvenile resolution. He was one of the very earliest friends of the slaves, and, to his latest hour, he warmly sympathized with their wrongs. He was a prominent member of the first Abolition Society in Pennsylvania, and labored zealously with Benjamin Rush, Dr. Rogers, and other distinguished philanthropists of the time. No man at that period, not even eminent judges and advocates, was better acquainted with all the intricacies of law questions connected with Slavery. His accurate legal knowledge, his natural acuteness, his ready tact in avoiding dangerous corners, and slipping through unseen loopholes, often gave him the victory in cases that seemed hopeless to other minds. On many of these occasions, physical courage was needed as much as moral firmness; but Friend Hopper possessed both these qualities in a remarkable degree. When a loaded pistol was pointed at his breast, he looked the slave-hunter steadily in the eyes, and said calmly, "Foolish man, put up that murderous weapon! Dost thou expect to terrify me from my duty?" Once he was thrown out of a second story window, by two or three enraged men, who were binding a slave with cords; but he re-appeared in the room, through another second story window, a few minutes after, and rescued their victim by simple boldness and presence of mind.

After his removal to Philadelphia, fewer cases of this kind were brought under his observation. Systematic arrangements to aid "fugitives from injustice" had become more common; and even among those who talked loudest against Abolitionists, there was an increasing tendency to ask no questions when they saw a coloured man in a hurry to step Northward. But though Friend Hopper's zeal and energy were less needed in slave cases in his later years, he was always ready and active when called upon. Not many months before his decease, he left his bed at midnight to place a poor fugitive in safety; and had the step involved imprisonment during the remainder of his natural life, the brave old man would not have hesitated for a moment.

In all the mobs where freedom of speech on the subject of Slavery has been assailed in N. York, he always met the rioters with calm, steady courage; and when he walked about in the midst of them, no one ventured to insult the dignified old man, whose bearing told plainly enough that he never knew the sensation of fear. His last appearance on any such occasion was on the platform of the Society Library, in 1850, when democrats so far forgot their own principles as to make a noisy and brutal onset on men who met to declare to the world that Slavery is oppression, and ought not to be tolerated by honest freemen.

Friend Hopper was deeply grieved by the inhuman custom of excluding coloured people from cars and omnibusses. Once, when a woman of modest deportment, and neatly dressed, was turned out into the rain, for no other fault than having a brown complexion, he indignantly jumped out of the cars and walked home in the rain himself, though well nigh eighty years old, and weary with the labors of of the day. Sometimes coloured men were ordered to stand on the platform outside of the cars; and whenever he heard such orders given, he walked out and stood with them. His earnest representations to the managers did, at one time, effect a temporary change; but things soon relapsed into their former state. If New York contained ten men like Friend Hopper, this unchristian custom would soon be abolished forever.

A vase, with a bird standing beside it, was given to one of his children by a ransomed slave, forty years ago, and was always preserved in the family. During his last illness, he asked to have it placed on the mantel-piece before him, and seemed to find pleasure in being thus reminded of one of the many victims he had rescued forom oppression.

It was the subject of Slavery that produced seperation between him and the Society of Friends, to whom he was closely bound by early religious associations and many years of fellowship. They would not consent to make any exertion in favor of the slave themselves, and at the same time they required members, whose consciences were more alive on the subject, not to co-operate with individuals of other sects. They were satisfied with referring to testimonies against Slavery recorded by early fathers of the sect; but Friend Hopper's sincere and earnest nature required that professed principles should be manifested in action. Under such circumstances, what could he do? If he followed the footsteps of Jesus, there was no other way but to "leave the dead to bury their dead."

His enlarged sympathies had always embraced the criminal and the imprisoned, as well as the oppressed; but the last eight years of his life were peculiarly devoted to the Prison Association. In this department of benevolence, he manifested the same zealous kindness and untiring diligence that had been so long exerted for the coloured people. The last time he rode out during his illness, he called at the Anti-Slavery Office, and the Office of the Prison Association. The objects for which they labor formed the earliest and latest links in his long life of benevolence and usefulness, and to them he bade his last farewell.

L. MARIA CHILD.

Kossuth in Boston—Daniel Webster.

Extracts from the Boston Correspondence of the Anti-Slavery Standard.

BOSTON, May 10th, 1852.

Well, we have had our turn at M. Kossuth, and, and on the whole, have done about as well by him as most of the places he visited. To be sure, we did not go quite as Hungarian mad as you did in New York; but then, on the other hand, we didn't turn any of our pets into the street as you did, after you was convalescent.

* * * * * * My only opportunity of hearing him speak was on the occasion of the Legislative Banquet given to him in Faneuil Hall. Not that I went to the Banquet, not feeling disposed to give M. Kossuth a dinner, *honoris causa*, by way of honor, not thinking he had deserved any at the hands of an Abolitionists, though I was very willing to give him a dollar for a dinner, *forma pauperis*, if he should ever be in actual want of one, as is not unlikely. So I bought a ticket for the gallery, and had the pleasure of sitting seven hours (but in good company) seeing other people eat, and hearing them talk. M. Kossuth did not lay himself out for an eloquent speech, though it was one of the longest he has given in this country, being fully two hours long. It was mainly historical and did not contain many facts with which one who has kept moderately posted up about current history would not be acquainted. But his management of his voice is very fine and his air and manner grace itself. I could easily understand how it is that he exercises such extraordinary personal influence, and that so few persons can withstand the magic of his presence. The scene was effective, though not so fine as our own Banquet to Mr. Thompson. Assembly Hall, where that was held, is better calculated to display such an audience than Faneuil Hall, and, besides, we had at least a third more in number, and one half of them being women, the spectacle was finer. And, indeed, the enthusiasm was as much more genuine and hearty on that occasion, as it was a more real one.

It is funny what different luck different people have in this world. True it is, as Goldsmith's Contented Sailor says, that "one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle." Now why should not Louis Kossuth be hung in effigy on Springfield Common as George Thompson was? Why should not the windows of his hotel have been broken, and night made hideous by a mob the Republican had excited. But *he* was received with processions, Dr. Osgood's church (the same worthy Doctor who came near having his head broken by a stone meant for Mr. Thompson) was opened for him to speak in, Hungarian Bonds sold readily in the market, and he went away comforted strengthened. So in Boston, why did not the city government give him the same reception thus awarded to Sims? He was no more a fugitive than Sims, and from nothing like so bad a Slavery. Why was not Marshal Tukey instructed to prevent a riot in the streets, and why did not that over-zealous official, in order to prevent a riot, arrest M. Kossuth and chain him up in the Court House? And why did not Commissioner Curtis send him back to Austria as a fugitive? There was just as much law for the one case as the other, and more common sense. The hospitality of the State was due to the one as much as to the other. The "Sims Brigade," indeed, was under arms on both occasions; but on the last, in honour of the fugitive, as on the first to the dishonour of their city and themselves. M. Kossuth should have been advised as to what shabby dogs they were. I don't think he has stood quite straight since he came to this country (as I have said heretofore, and may again, but not now,) but I don't think he deserved such an insult as to be escorted by the Sims Brigade. They are *too* mean.

The poor Whigs! They are always out of luck! Have you heard what a blessed piece of luck they narrowly escaped? Mr. Webster, you must know, has come on to arrange about the District Elections to the Whig Nominating Convention. He arrived, and as his organs assure us, by a purely spontaneous movement, a multitude ranging, according to the vividness of the reporter's imaginations, from four hundred to two thousand, met him at the Station with deafening cheers. By the same spontaneous process (a marvel never approached since Cinderella's god-mother died), a barouche and six was conjured up to convey him to his lodgings, where, entirely unprepared as he was, he made an impromptu speech. But all this, though spontaneous, was but the order of Nature (*Whig* Nature) and is not what I am coming to. After this unexpected, but therefore the more gratifying, Reception, the Farmer of Marshfield proceeded to his Tusculum to see how the Spring work went on. Now came the ill-luck of the Whigs: on his way from the nearest Station to his house, he was thrown from his carriage; but, such being the Whig Fate, he did not break his neck! No! The ancient prophecy was fulfilled, and the Serpent only bruised his head! Possibly, however, as he fell on his face, he may have agreeably varied his diet by eating some *Northern* dirt. *Had* the news only arrived that he was out of their way! The onion market might have risen, newspapers would have been edged with black, a portentous funeral would have blackened the streets, Mr. Choate would have lied over him like a bulletin or an epitaph, or what is the same thing, a *Eulogy*; but what a relief it would have been! Compelled by Mr. Webster's personal influence and insolence, they are compelled to stand by him for the Presidency. They know as well as you and I, that either you or I have as good a chance as he. By standing by him, they forfeit all claim to the sports in the remote contingency of Scott's election. Poor fellows! No *pap* for them. They are *shitted*. They are your only martyrs of this Age. Fox's Book has nothing that can hold a candle to them.—D. Y.

American Woman Whipping.

A free colored woman was committed to Jail at Richmond, Va. and condemned to thirty-nine lashes, on the 5th inst. The crime alleged was that of being found without papers, and while under recognizance to appear and answer a charge of assaulting Elizabeth King she undertook to make her escape from the city attired as a man.

(Haynau had better come to this county where woman-whipping is highly respectable and no doubt pays well.)—*Liberator.*

And this act was committed within the bounds of this glorious Union—this land of refinement, of just and christian laws, this model republic which makes a louder boast of all good principles that any other nation on the globe! Yes, and the whole Union is bound to aid if necessary in the enforcement of this woman-whipping law.

O for that day when man by wisdom ruled, shall love his neighbor as he loves himself; when all shall feel that they are equal brothers, members of one band placed here but for a few brief moments, to perfect themselves in love, that they may dwell through an eternal age in bliss supreme.—*Pleasure Boat.*

THE General Conference of the African M. E. Church, has been in session in this city during the last eleven days, and is progressing rapidly in its business. Two of its members have been elected to strengthen the Episcopacy, viz: Rev. Willis Nazery of Philadelphia, and Rev. Daniel A. Payne, of Baltimore, Md. Mr. Payne, we are informed, is a native of Charleston, South Carolina.—An Editor of *The Christian Herald*, Pittsburgh, and General Book Steward, and officers yet to be elected. The two Bishops elect are to be consecrated this Thursday afternoon, May 13, at 4 o'clock, in Bethel, Second st., between Avenues B and C.—*N. S. Standard.*

An Unfortunate Debtor.

We understand, from a paragraph in the New York Post, that a free negro, named Wynne, purchased a female from slavery for the purpose of making her his wife, thereby, as he imagined, freeing her from the trammels of the slave-dealers, and rendering her, to the fullest extent, a free woman for life. Several children were the result of the union; but the father, having become involved in debt, his personal property has been seized, and, among the rest, his wife and children, who have been sold "at prices ranging from $711 to $827." This transaction took place at Goldsboro, North Carolina.

We are much inclined to doubt whether a proceeding of this description can be justified by the laws of the United States. Infamous as the laws are in all that relates to our oppressed people, and vile as the individuals prove themselves to be who are selected to carry them into effect, there is generally an appearance of legality in the proceedings against us, no matter how completely justice may be outraged.

Common usage has led us to understand that if a white man purchases a slave for the purpose of giving him his freedom, the slave thenceforth, to all intents and purposes, is free. If the man who makes such a purchase should afterwards fall into debt, can the individual on whom he has bestowed freedom, be seized and sold for the liquidation of his debts?

In the present instance, the full worth in money was paid for a human being who was held in bondage; by the purchase she was emancipated; the purchaser had no idea of converting her into marketable property, she became a portion of himself and as free as himself. This is as far as common sense can see into the business.

But why mention common sense or common honesty to this nation of *Shylocks*, they are both repudiated in all transactions wherein we are concerned. By the recent transactions we have been prepared for almost any outrage, but this violation of justice overreaches our worst anticipations. When the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, which awarded five dollars over the regular fee to every Commissioner who could be found mean enough to trample on justice for the sake of a bribe, we thought that barefaced robbery and pettifogging had reached the climax, but we were mistaken,—men whom the law considers free, can now have their wives and children sold for the payment of debt!

If it is true that equity must be the ruling principle among men and nations for the pur of insuring peace and prosperity, and on the other hand that systematic injustice leads to disorganization and ruin, we can only say to the dealers in human flesh and blood—pursue your villanous policy, and pile up riches by the degradation of your fellow men,—the sooner will the measure of your iniquity be full—*Voice of the Fugitive.*

The Power of the Peace!

The Rev. J. B. Owen, M. A. of Bliston, in the course of a valuable lecture, recently delivered in the Liverpool Concert Hall, in connexion with the Church of England Institution (and which we are happy to see published in a separate form) upon "Popular Insurance," related an anecdote strikingly illustrative of the power which lay in the hands of the workingmen to promote their own social comfort and independence, if they would only exert it. A Manchester calico-printer was, on his wedding day, persuaded by his wife to allow two half-pints of ale a day as her share. He rather winced under the bargain; for, though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard; and he, poor man, was seldom out of the public house as soon as the factory closed. The wife and husband saw little of each other except at breakfast; but, as she kept things tidy about her, and made her stinted, and even selfish, allowance for house-keeping meet the demands upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint, and he, perhaps, had his two or three quarts; and neither interfered with the other, except at odd times, she succeeded, by one little gentle artifice or another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night, and now and then to spend an entire evening in his own house. But these were rare occasions. They had been married a year; and on the morning of their wedding anniversary, the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shade of remorse, as he observed, "Mary, we'n had no holiday sin' we were wed; and only that I hav n't a penny i th' world, we'd take a jaunt to th' village to see thee mother!" "Would'st like to go John?" asked she, softly, between a smile and a tear, to hear him speak kindly as in old times. "If thee'd like to go, John, I,ll stand treat." "Thou stand treat!" said he, with half a sneer, "hast got a fortun, wench?" "Nay," said she, "but I'n gotton the pint o' ale!" "Gotten what?" said he. "The pint o' ale!" was the reply.—John did'nt understand till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking, from under a loose brick up the chimney, and counted out her daily pint of ale in the shape of 365 three-pences, (*i. e.* £4 11s. 3d.,) and put it into his hand, exclaiming, "Thee shall have thy holiday, John." John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-smitten, charmed. He would not touch it.—"Hasn't thee had thy share? then I'll ha' no more'" he said. They kept their wedding day with the old dame; and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of a series of invesments that ultimately swelled into a shop, factory, warehouse, country seat, a carriage; and, for aught Mr. Owen knew, John was mayor of his native borough at last.

HUNTING A MAN WITH DOGS!—The Savannah Georgian mentions the case of a negro who had committed some offence against the laws, and who, having escaped, was pursued by a party of '*gentlemen* with dogs.' It is a pity that honorable dogs should be compelled to associate with *such* 'gentlemen.'—*Pa. Freeman.*